

MEMORANDUM

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

Wednesday, February 10, 1965

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Lyndon worked in bed, on the telephone, ~~In~~ a conversation with George. I heard a good summary of what he's trying to do. I suppose he meant for George to give it as a sort of background, ~~or~~ summary to newsmen, or maybe George just needs to know it himself.

He said, "We are trying to cut ~~off~~ the barnacles off of this government. You can't run a Veterans Hospital that's gotten down to 60 beds and is in an out-of-the way town, where you can't get the specialists you need, but every time I cut one out, I get Hell from the Congressmen, and I'm going to get Hell for cutting out the 4th class Post Offices, and the mail carriers. I cut foreign aid down from 49 to 33."

I spent the morning reading my beautification material, and talking with Liz Carpenter and Secretary Udall about the agenda for the meeting.

Sometime in the morning, there was more ominous news from Viet Nam. An attack on barracks.

In the afternoon I had a lengthy, ~~and~~ unproductive staff meeting with Liz, Bess and Christine Stugard - nobodies fault but mine. I'm simply not clicking.

Lyndon had no lunch, I sent him over a bowl of soup just as insurance, about a quarter to three, and he did not come home for a nap.

Late in the afternoon, feeling the walls closing in on me, I went walking around the south grounds with Him.

About six o'clock, cars began to drive in. I recognized the members of the Security Council and Senate Leaders. Buz Wheeler, McNamara, McCone.

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I went upstairs and greeted them in the Yellow Room. Lyndon had told me he would be over in a minute. He is remaining curiously calm, but I know it must be at a price.

Had a wonderful talk with Luci, who is distraught because the paper said yesterday, ^gthat Georgetown was her first choice, ^gAnd she thinks that ^{that} they've been so good to her at Marquette, not even cashing her check, ~~but~~ accompanied her application, ^gbecause they didn't want it to become a matter of public knowledge that she was applying. She composed the most wonderfully un derstanding letter to the Father who heads the school, ^gthat I wanted to hire her to handle my correspondence - and I know his opinion of her will rise.

She gave me one of her long sermons including her analysis of her relations with LYnda. She thinks Lynda is too dependent on us, that the silver ~~chord~~ binds her too tightly, that she never should ^{have} ~~of~~ left the University of Texas, where she was about to achieve a certain sort of independence. ^{Heaven} ~~Who~~ knows, having her here, ^gfor this whole year, ^ghas the greatest joy to me and her father, and must have meant something to her, intellectually, socially. It was an experience, a most unique part of growing up, but I'm really glad that she's made her decision to return to the University in September.

I emerged from my analysis session with Luci to find the guests departed and McGeorge Bundy lingering with Lyndon. He asked him to call Mary and stay for dinner. I'm always delighted at any hour spent with them. He's one of the brightest men I've ever met.

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I suppose what I'm really looking for, for Lynda to marry, is a 25 year old McGeorge Bundy.

Lyndon gave a word picture of George's unhappy relation with the carnivorous press. He said, "He's like a country dog. He runs, they'll eat him up. And if he stands still, they'll mess him up."

Mac and Mary, and I, enjoyed immensely, his colorful descriptions of many on the public scene today. But always there is weight and burden, an almost tangible experience.

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